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## THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Translated from the French of Madame Dubeant, for the  
Journal of Music.

### CHAPTER V.

#### VEXATION.

I was fatigued, and yet I could not sleep. I counted the hours as they passed, but could not sum up the emotions of the evening and decide for myself. There was but one thing certain for me, and that was that I no longer loved the duchess, and had barely escaped learning a severe lesson in becoming attached to her; but a wounded heart soon seeks another wound to efface that which has mortified self-love, and the strong desire of loving made me feverish. For the first time in my life I was not absolute master of my will; I was impatient for the morrow. Since midnight I had entered into a new phase of existence, and not understanding myself, thought I was ill.

But I had never been so; my health had been my strong point, and I had grown up with a wonderful physical equilibrium. I was frightened in feeling my pulse slightly quickened. I jumped from my bed, looked at myself in the glass, and laughed outright. I lit my lamp, sharpened a pencil, and sketched upon a bit of paper the ideas which crossed me. I drew a composition which pleased me, although it was bad. It was a man seated between his good and bad angel. The good angel was anxious and full of solicitude for a pilgrim, whom the bad angel was tempting. Between these two angels, the principal personage, left to himself and relying upon neither of them, was looking smilingly at a little flower,

which to him represented nature. This allegory had not even common sense, but to me alone it signified a great deal. I thought I had conquered my nervousness, and went back to bed, dozed a little, had the nightmare, and dreamed of murdering Celio.

I left my bed decidedly, dressed myself by the first light of the dawn, took a walk upon the ramparts, and, when the sun had risen, went to Celio's lodging.

Celio had not been to bed, and I found him up and writing letters.

"You have not slept," said he to me, "and you have wearied yourself with vain efforts. I did better than you; I passed the night out. When a person is excited, he must seek still more excitement; it is the quickest way of finishing the matter."

"Fie, Celio," said I, smiling; "you shock me."

"Without any reason," answered he, "for I passed the night discreetly, talking and writing with the purest of women."

"Who? Mademoiselle Boccaferri?"

"Eh! how came you to guess? Can it be that—but it would be too late, for she has gone."

"Gone!"

"Ah, you are pale. Come, come, I did not notice that. I was wholly absorbed in myself yesterday. But listen: when I left you last night I felt very angry with you. I should have been glad to have talked two hours longer, and you told me to go and rest, which meant that you had had enough of me. Determined to talk until daylight, no matter with whom, I went straight to old Boccaferri. I know that he never sleeps so soundly, even after he has drunk much, as not to be able to awake instantly with a clear head and always ready to talk. I saw a light at his window, knocked at the door, and found him up and talking with his daughter. They came towards me, embraced me, and showed me a letter which had arrived during the evening, and which they had opened upon their return. I cannot tell you what the letter contained; but you will know before long. It is an important secret for them, and I gave them my word of honor to reveal it to no one. I helped them pack and am commissioned to arrange their affairs at the theatre; I talked over my own with Cecilia while her father went for a carriage. Finally, I saw them get into it an hour ago and drive out of the city. Now you see me settling their accounts, waiting the time to go to the theatre and secure Cecilia from all pursuit. Do not question me, for my mouth is sealed; but I beg you to observe that I am very busy and gay this morning, and do not mind wasting the fresh-

ness of my voice, and am devoting myself to my friend like a simple *épiciér*. Don't let this astound you too much. I am obliging, because, instead of its troubling me, it occupies and amuses me, that is all."

"Can you not even tell me towards what country they are travelling?"

"Not even that. Am I not cruel? Blame no one but Cecilia, who did not even except you in the silence which she imposed upon me, so ungrateful and perverse is woman."

"I thought you made Mademoiselle Boccaferri an exception in your anathemas against her sex."

"Are you serious? Then she is truly an exception, and I own it. She is a pure woman; why? because she is not beautiful."

"Are you quite sure that she is not beautiful?" asked I, eagerly. "You speak like an actor, but not like an artist. But I am a painter and learned in such matters, and I assure you that she is much more beautiful than the Duchess de X—, whose reputation is so great, and than the ruling prima donna, who has caused so much talk."

I expected either a jest or a denial from Celio. He answered not a word, but changed his coat and we went to breakfast. On the way he said to me hastily:

"You are perfectly right—she is the most beautiful of all women. I had the bad grace to deny it, for I thought I alone had discovered it."

"Celio, you speak like a possessor—like a lover."

"I!" cried he, turning his face towards mine with great assurance. "I am not, I never have been and never shall be her lover."

"How comes it that you do not desire it?"

"Because I respect her and wish to love her always, because she was the protégée of my mother, who esteemed her, and because after me, (and perhaps as much as I,) she is the person who best understood, best loved and best lamented my mother. Oh, my old Cecilia, never! Hers is a sacred head, and the only one which wears a bonnet that I would not like to trample under foot."

"Always strange and inconsistent, Celio! You know her to be estimable and loveable, and you so despise your own love as to guard her from it as if it were a stain! Can your breath then only degrade and wither what it touches? What sort of man or devil are you? But allow me to use one of those slang words you so much admire: this all seems *humbug* to me, an affectation of *Mephistophelism*, which your age and experience cannot justify. To tell the truth, I do not be-

lieve you. You want to astound me, affect the bold, the invincible and the satanic; but in reality you are an honest youth, rather wild, rather boastful, rather lawless, but not enough so to deny that a man ought to marry the girl whom he has betrayed; and as you are either too young or too ambitious to decide hastily upon so modest a marriage, you will not consent to lay siege to Cecilia's heart."

"Would to God I was as you think!" said Celio, without getting angry or contradicting; "then I should not be unhappy, as I am now. What I suffer is terrible. Ah, if I was pure and good, I should be candid, and marry Cecilia tomorrow and lead a calm, serene, charming life, more so than you think, as it might not be so humble a marriage as you now believe. Who knows the future? I cannot explain myself upon this subject; but know this—that even if Cecilia were a great heiress, honored with a noble name, I would not love her. Listen to a great truth, Salentini, though hackneyed and commonplace: the love of bad women kills us; the love of good and noble women kills them. We only love much that which loves us little, and that but little which loves us much. My mother, at forty, died of that, after ten years of silence and agony."

"Then that is true? I had heard so."

"And he who killed her still lives. I could never make him fight with me. I have insulted him bitterly, and although he is no coward, no, far from that, he bore it rather than raise his hand against Florian's child. So I live like a reprobate, with a vengeance unquenched, which causes my torment, and I have not the courage to kill my mother's destroyer. You see in me another Hamlet, who does not affect grief and madness, but who is consumed by remorse, hatred and anger; and you called me good! All egotists are easily satisfied, tolerant and kind. But I shall not follow Hamlet's example, and I do not want to break poor Ophelia's heart. She should get her to a nunnery sooner! I am too unfortunate to love; I have no time nor strength for it; and the Hamlet within me becomes entangled with other passions. I am ambitious, selfish; Art is only a strife for me, glory only a revenge. My enemy prophesied that I would never come to anything, for my mother had spoiled me. I long to prove his falsehood before the whole world. As for Cecilia, I do not wish to be to her what he was to my mother, and yet I shall be; it is my destiny! The storms and griefs of our childhood fasten themselves to us, and when we try to free ourselves from them they draw us on by some fatal instinct of imitation to renew them at some later period; crime is contagious. I feel the injustice and folly I so hated in my mother's lover rising within me whenever I begin to love. So I will not love, for if I were not the victim, I should be the executioner."

"Then you are afraid lest you might be the victim unawares? You confess that you are capable of loving."

"Perhaps so; but I saw by my mother's example into what an abyss devotion may plunge us, and I shun it."

"And you do not really believe that love is subject to any laws but this terrible alternative of misplaced and sacrificed devotion, or that of mad tyranny and homicide?"

"No."

"Poor Celio! I pity you, and see that you are

a weak and passionate man: At last I know you; you are destined to be either the victim or the destroyer; but apply that only to yourself—the human race is not your accomplice."

"You scorn me because you think yourself better," cried Celio, bitterly. "Well, wait awhile. If you are sincere, we will moralize upon it some other day; we will not dispute now. Until then, what do you intend doing? making love to my old Cecilia? Look out! I watch over her defence like a keen and snarly little dog. You must walk uprightly with her. If I respect her so much, others shall not possess her even in their most secret thoughts."

I was struck by the bitterness of these words and the tone of hatred and spite which accompanied them.

"Celio," said I to him, "you will be jealous of Boccaferri; you are so already. Confess that we are rivals. Be frank, since you say frankness is a sign of strength. You told me you were not her lover and should never be; but look into the depths of your heart and see if you are sure for the future; then you can tell me if I am in your path, and if from to-day we are friends or enemies."

"You ask me a rather delicate question," replied he; "but I will not delay my answer. I never lie to myself or to others. I shall never be jealous of Cecilia, for I shall never be in love with her unless she first loves me, which is as probable as that the duchess will become sincere and old Boccaferri sober."

"And why not, Celio? If, unfortunately for me, Cecilia should see and hear you now, she might well be moved, trembling, wavering. . . ."

"If I saw her wavering, moved and trembling, I should flee, Salentini, I give you my word of honor. I know too well what it is to profit by a moment of excitement, to take women by surprise. Not so would I be loved by a woman like Cecilia; I should find no glory nor delight in such a love, because she is sincere and truthful; she would not hide from me her shame or her tears, and instead of pleasure I should only bestow and receive sorrow and remorse. No, not thus would I win a pure woman; and as I only seek excitement, I shall woo only those who give it. Are you satisfied?"

"Not yet, my friend. Nothing proves that Cecilia does not love you deeply, and that the friendship she professes for you is not love, which she hides even from herself. If it is so, you will find it out some day, and when you do you will dispute her with me?"

"Yes, certainly, sir," answered Celio, unhesitatingly; "and since you love her, you must know that her love will be no light thing. . . . But in such a case, my friend," added he, seized by a sad emotion which clouded his expressive face, "I beg you to fight with me. I might be killed, for I fight badly. I excelled in my fencing lessons; but in presence of a real adversary I am agitated, anger carries me away, and I am always wounded. My death would save Cecilia from my love. So do not fail me if we should ever come to such a pass. But now let us breakfast, laugh, and be friends, for I am sure that she only considers me a child, and I only see in her an old friend; so, if this goes on so, I shall not take offence. . . . But you will marry her? Otherwise I could fight coolly, and surely kill you, depend upon it."

"Good!" answered I. "These words of yours prove to me what she is, and this respect for virtue in one who pretends to be vicious would drive me to marriage with closed eyes."

We shook hands and our breakfast was merry. I was full of hope and trust; I cannot tell why, for Mademoiselle Boccaferri had gone; I did not know when or where we should meet again, and she had never even given me a look which could make me believe she loved me. Was I infatuated? No, I really loved. My conversation with Celio strengthened my belief in the merit I had guessed at the night before. Love enlarges the soul and purifies the air which reaches it. It was my first true love; I felt happy, young and strong; everything about me was colored with a livelier, purer radiance.

"Do you know of what I have been dreaming lately," said Celio, "and which returns to me more seriously since my fiasco? To go and pass a few weeks, perhaps months, in some quiet, secluded corner with foolish Boccaferri and his sensible daughter. Together they possess the secret of Art; each represents a separate phase. The father is particularly inventive and impulsive—the daughter eminently conscientious and learned; for Cecilia is a great musician; the public do not imagine it, and you probably know nothing of it. But I can tell you that she perhaps is the last great musician Italy may boast. She understands the great composers more than any new singer now in vogue. If she sings in the chorus, with her voice that can hardly be heard, all go on smoothly without dreaming that she alone keeps together and rules the rest by her mere intelligence, while the strength of her lungs has nothing to do with it. They feel it, but say nothing. What favorites of the public would own the supremacy of talent which is never applauded? Go to the theatre to-night and you will see how the opera goes on. The void made by Cecilia's absence will be a little noticed. Of course they will not say what causes this lack of harmony and of united movement. It may be the hoarseness of this one, the distraction of another; the singers will blame the orchestra, and *vice versa*. But I, who shall look on to-night, shall laugh at the general confusion and say to myself: 'Foolish public, you had a treasure and never understood it! Is it roulades you desire? There are plenty. Are you satisfied? Strive to know what you do want; until then, I observe and rest myself.'"

"You teach me nothing new, Celio. Only last night I quarrelled with the duchess de — about the superior and elevated talent of Mademoiselle Boccaferri."

"But the duchess cannot understand that," answered Celio, with a shrug of the shoulders. "She is no more artist than my old shoe; and a person must be extremely well versed in such matters to recognize merits which are buried under a perpetual fiasco, for that is Cecilia's fate. When she renders the most insignificant parts of her rôle, like a mistress of her art, four or five true dilettanti scattered about in the vast theatre smile with wondrous delight. A few half-way musicians say: 'What beautiful music! How finely it is written!' without remembering that they could not notice such perfections in the detail of a great thing, if the *seconda donna* was not a great artist. So goes the world, Salentini. As for me, I want to astonish, and I seek success

with all my will, but it is to revenge myself upon the public, which I detest, and to despise it still more. I mistook the means, but I shall find them with the aid of Boccaferri and his daughter, and myself above all. I must perfect myself like a true artist; it will not take long; each year to me is equal to ten years of common life; for I am energetic and persistent. When I shall have found out what I needed, then I shall know what the public needs to understand true merit. I shall succeed in being infinitely worse than I was yesterday, and so shall please infinitely more. Such is my theory. Do you understand?"

"I understand how false it is, and that if you do not seek the true and beautiful that you may teach it to the public, thinking that falsehood will please them, you will never possess the truth. You can never do both. No one can make a grimace without wrinkling even the most beautiful face. Take care; you have gone all wrong and will ruin yourself."

"But look at Cecilia's example," cried Celio, warmly. "Does she not possess the truth in her? Does she not persist in only giving truth to the public? and is she not misunderstood and unknown? You need not say that she lacks strength and fire. For only two days since I heard her sing and declaim alone to four walls, not knowing that I listened. The atmosphere burned with her passion; she uttered tones which might make a crowd thrill and start like one man. Yet she does not scorn the public, only she does not love it. She sings well before it for her own sake, without anger, passion, or boldness. The public remains deaf and cold; it claims first that one should trouble himself to please it, and I will; but it shall pay me well, for I will only give it the refuse of my passion and my knowledge, and that will be too good."

I could not soothe Celio. He drank a great deal of coffee, all the time swearing against the insipidity of Viennese coffee. He strove to get more excited. The anger of his failure came back to him with fresh bitterness. I reminded him of his affairs at the theatre, and thither he went, after appointing a rendezvous for the evening at my house.

[To be continued.]

(From the New York Musical Times.)

### Sketch of the Conservatory of Paris.

#### PART III.

I must now add a few words on the *Pensionnat*. I use this term, because it has no synonym in English. The *Pensionnat* is not a boarding-school. It is used here to mean that part of the Conservatory in which the male singers, twelve or fifteen in number, are supported and instructed *gratuitously*. It is of them I shall speak, whenever I mention the male singers in this narrative. No other male members of the classes of singing are allowed to reside in the establishment. They are severally confined, and never permitted to go out and wander about the streets, without a written permission from the director. They are subject to a rigorous discipline, the violation of which is followed by the exclusion of the transgressor. They are only allowed to take a walk on Sunday. Formerly, female subjects were received in the *Pensionnat*; but some abuses and reasons of morality have induced the Government to suppress the female branch, and girls are now admitted into the classes of singing, as day-scholars only.

I have now given all the details concerning the Conservatory that will interest the general reader, and it only remains for me, in conclusion, to say

a few words about the great man who stamped his name on the National Conservatory of France: that man is CHERUBINI.

I do not intend to write Cherubini's biography; that has already been done by abler hands. I need not speak of his mighty genius; that is universally acknowledged. He has no rival in the art of fuguing; on the sacred harp he is equal to Mozart, and has left Haydn far behind him. My design here is to speak of the *man*, and the reader will doubtless be pleased with some particulars concerning him, which I gathered in my social intercourse in Paris, from friends who are artists, and some of whom are Cherubini's relations.

Cherubini's poverty in Paris and the Conservatory was as proverbial as that of the Grecian Aristides. About 1816 or 1817, after his return from London, where he had been called in 1815, he found himself greatly injured by the political changes which had taken place in the French Government, and he retired from his employments in disgust. After a while, it was acknowledged that the Government had dealt wrongly with him, and to make amends, he was appointed Professor of Composition in the Conservatory and Chapel Master to the King, or rather, to use the term of the time, Director to the King's Music Chapel. But, learning that, before he could enter upon the duties of the latter office, his friend Lesueur would have to be discharged from the directorship of the Music Chapel, in which he had been maintained after the downfall of Napoleon, Cherubini (who at that time was miserably poor), unhesitatingly and peremptorily declined the office, which he said, was so satisfactorily filled by his friend. All possible means were used to prevail upon him to take the position, but he was unshaken in his resolution. At length it was decided that both Lesueur and Cherubini should share the charge of the King's music; and, on such terms, Cherubini accepted the office; and both these most honorable artists continued in this employment till 1830, at which time, to the great detriment of the art, the King's Chapel fell with the dynasty, and has never been, and, perhaps, never will be restored.

Cherubini, though warm-hearted, was of a serious and stern disposition. He was never found laughing or even smiling in his intercourse with the pupils. He was always in *earnest*, and had no time for frivolity. He inflexibly insisted upon the observation of the regulations of "his house," as he called the Conservatory. Every professor, previous to the opening of his class, was obliged to sign a book, called "le registre de presence," in order to show that the members of his class were all present and taught by him. Cherubini never failed to examine daily the register, that he might know whether every one's task had been fulfilled. But he required no more from others than he performed himself; he attended to all the duties of his station with exemplary exactness and promptitude. At ten o'clock in the morning, he regularly sat at his bureau, either writing or answering letters, sending orders to the classes, or hearing the professors and pupils, or any other person, who might occasionally call upon him. When he had to dispatch a letter, summons, or message of any kind, he rang a little bell which was always near at hand, and a servant, who was always attending at the door of his cabinet, immediately presented himself uncovered, to know what was wanted and to perform what was commanded. When the business of his charge was over, you would find Cherubini copying either the parts of one of his own scores, which was to be performed, or writing out the score of some great master. His wife, on a certain occasion, asked him what profit he could get from such copies:—"Oh!" said he, "there is always some good to be got from them, which remains in one's mind." His favorite employment in moments of leisure, was drawing and cutting flowers, of which he was exceedingly fond, or classifying plants, for he was very conversant with botany. He was most patient in writing his own scores; if by chance a drop of ink fell on the paper, he immediately took a penknife, cut round the mark, and adapted another piece of paper to the place with such

skill that it was impossible to discover the place of the blunder. In consequence of so much care, his scores were so neatly done, that no printing could rival them in clearness and beauty. At twelve o'clock Cherubini left his bureau, and then was engaged in reviewing the classes or other parts of the establishment; at two o'clock he went home, and his day's business was ended.

Cherubini was, *par excellence*, a classical man, not in his works only, but in his tastes, habits, and manners; and when he judged another's productions, he could not rid himself of the influence of the principles which ruled him when writing. This caused him to err on many occasions in the appreciation of modern masters. It will hardly be believed, that such a great man, so well fitted to judge rightly in musical matters, on first witnessing the performance of Beethoven's Symphonies, exclaimed:—"It is impossible to understand all this, it is a mere *devergondage*." I use the French word, and don't know of any synonym in English. He had forgotten the saying of a celebrated French poet:

"Souvent un beau disordre est un effet de l'art."

He changed his opinion afterwards, and became an admirer of the great Symphonist.

Cherubini could not bear the music of Berlioz,—he had the most profound aversion for it. This, perhaps, was also owing to the above-mentioned disposition. Berlioz from the very first time he was brought before the public, evinced the most evident desertion of the classical school. He affected to transfer to music, and especially to the Symphony, a genius which was in fashion in the literature of the time, the *domantisme*. The *domantisme*! which was a heresy in the opinion of Cherubini. Berlioz, though not to be compared with Beethoven, is certainly a man of talent and the first Symphonist in France. One day, Cherubini crossing the yard of the Conservatory, joined a group who were speaking of the performance of Berlioz, which had taken place some days before. Each person, occupying a different point of view, expressed a different opinion. Cherubini listened without uttering a word. At length one of the group remarked that Berlioz was an inveterate enemy to fugue and fugue writers; "Yes," said Cherubini, "Mr. Berlioz hates fugue, but fugue hates him still more,"—every one present laughed heartily at so unexpected a reply, and so did Berlioz himself when he heard it.

Cherubini was endowed with a manly genius; his strain is always broad, round, and soaring heavenward, leaving the earth at an immeasurable distance below. And this manliness of style and freshness of creation did not abandon him even when near to his grave. His second Requiem, which was his last work, ranked among his masterpieces, though composed in the 79th or 80th year of his age. Although his body bent under so great a weight of years, yet his eye was full of fire, his face full of majesty, his forehead full of brightness. It was delightful to contemplate his curled, silver hair, which thickly covered his head, and played beautifully round his ears and temples.

Many statements have been circulated in relation to his second Requiem. It has been said that Cherubini composed it for his obsequies. This is a mistake. The facts, according to the most authentic authorities are simply these. In France, female singers are excluded from Catholic churches, although they are admitted in the Chapel of the restored Dynasty, because it was considered as a private building with which authorities had nothing to do. It is well known that Cherubini's first Requiem was composed for the funeral of the ill-fated Duc de Berry; and as it was to be performed by the members of the King's Chapel, the soprano parts were written throughout for first and second soprano, for the performance of which Cherubini availed himself of the female singers attached to the Chapel. This Requiem was generally pronounced equal to Mozart's Requiem, and everywhere it was crowned with great success. In many instances at the decease of persons of distinction, the performance of Cherubini's Requiem was desired, but not permitted because of the exclusion of female singers from churches. Annoyed by such

vexations, Cherubini determined to compose a new Requiem for male voices only, and the result was the second Requiem;—which, indeed, was first performed at the obsequies of the author himself. This composition closed the artistic career of this celebrated master. He departed this life in the 84th year of his age; and his soul rose up to heaven, to keep her seat by the side of Bach, Handel, Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven.

### A Sunday in a German Church.

[We take the following chapter from Mr. RICHARD STORRS WILLIS'S very interesting and instructive little book, entitled "Our Church Music," of which we shall have more to say ere long.]

I once found myself in one of the cities of central Germany. The leading Protestant Church of the place had been closed for some months, while undergoing repairs, and meanwhile the Roman Catholics, with a liberality of feeling sometimes met with in that country, had thrown open their magnificent edifice to the worship of the Protestants, the Protestant service immediately succeeding the ordinary morning service of the Catholics. The only change made was the concealment of the altar by a curtain dropped from the ceiling. In front of this curtain was a temporary desk for the clergyman.

On a Sunday morning I entered this cathedral, upon the front of which was inscribed in imposing capitals the solemn word, DEO. The immense edifice was crowded with worshippers. The Duke and his court (a Protestant house) were present, occupying a separate tribune on the side of the pulpit. The body of the edifice was filled, promiscuously, with garrison troops, citizens, and peasantry from the surrounding country in their picturesque national costumes. The introductory voluntary was just commencing. The powerful organ, which seemed to have its place near the altar, and was concealed by a curtain, was crowding every arch and corner of the immense pile with its massive harmonies. The air around us was a sea of music; its rich surges broke majestically on the vaulted roof, and echoed among the lofty arches, and beat solemnly upon the silent hearth.

Meanwhile the assembled multitude had found the first hymn, which, as usual in German churches, was indicated upon tablets, placed at convenient intervals upon the wall. And now the rich tone-masses of the organ gradually merged into the familiar strain of an old church chorale. At this well-known signal the great assembly, from the sovereign to the peasant, arose. The introductory strain of the organ ceased, and a trumpet behind the veil led off in clear, courageous tones the choral melody, sustained by full organ accompaniment. Simultaneously with this, a chorus of a thousand voices rolled up from the congregation in a mighty song of praise to Jehovah—a song which the lofty roof seemed scarce capable of repressing—majestic, soul-thrilling.

As the last echoes of this choral hallelujah died upon the ear, a clergyman, who until now had not been seen, advanced and pronounced, in a deep-toned and solemn voice, the opening prayer. He retired, and again, unheralded except by the invisible organ, the thousand-voiced chorus swelled to the skies. The sermon immediately succeeded, brief and impressive; then a closing choral was sung, and after the benediction the cathedral doors were once more thrown open to the congregation; while the parting tones of the organ followed us as we passed into the outer world, like sacred memories of the hour.

Now, here was a combination of singularly felicitous circumstances, and which afford us, I think, some valuable hints as to Church Music.

1st. The machinery of the music was concealed. Here was no twitching of curtains by the choir; no preparatory whisper and flutter, and turning of leaves; no clearing of throats, no obtrusion of personalities in any way upon the audience.

2d. The act of worship was simultaneous and seemingly spontaneous. The clergyman did not announce, and then recite, preparatorily, the invocation to Jehovah about to be made. Why should an invocation to the Supreme Being be recited before-hand?

3d. All united, from a common level of devotion—prince, priest and people. There was no unnecessary personal intervention; each soul bore its humble, individual part in the common worship; and, moreover, with the greatest reverence and earnestness—a feature so unusual in our churches at home, and yet so common abroad! A very observable thing, also, was the utter unconsciousness of each worshipper—both of the observation of others and of any possible effect produced by his music.

I do not claim for this example of congregational singing, that it could be copied in every particular, or that it were desirable so to do: many of the circumstances mentioned were incidental; but the unanimous participation in the service, and the withdrawal of all unnecessary personality, were parts of a well-considered system.

It is evident that in our present Church Music we greatly lack purity of style. We should clearly distinguish between the different forms of church song, and the purpose each is best calculated to subserve. An ornamental and impressive style of music, as legitimately represented by choir performances, we should never confound with a devotional style, as represented by congregational singing. Let us act intelligently, when we act at all. Let us not thwart our church devotions, by making them the responsibility of a few, whose only realized responsibility is the music. Let us not, on the other hand, impede the development of high musical Art, by attempting to make it ornamental and impressive, and, at the same time, congregationally simple and devotional.

We need to simplify the congregational style, and amplify the choir style. Our present choir music is too difficult, and on too extended a vocal scale for the mass of worshippers, on the one hand, and too cramped and hampered for the glories of sacred Art on the other. A short tune of four lines, which, in itself, is but half of a legitimate melody, (a completed melody consisting of eight,) is but very insignificant material to work with, in an Art whose resources are boundless as those of music.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 26, 1856.

### The Prize Songs—The Award.

The New York Musical Review of Saturday announces the result of the voting of its subscribers for the two best songs among the eight selected by a committee and published in successive numbers of that journal. The first prize of *Two hundred dollars* has been awarded to Mr. OTTO DRESEL, of Boston, for Song No. 1, to Tennyson's words: "Sweet and low, wind of the western sea." Mr. CHARLES C. CONVERSE, of New York, takes the second prize, of *One hundred dollars*, for Song No. 4, entitled "My gentle Mother's Song." This announcement in the Review is accompanied with the following statement of facts and gratulatory reflections on the enterprise:

While the number of votes received has been small in comparison to the large list of our subscribers—smaller indeed by far than we anticipated—they come to us from all parts of the country, and in sufficient number to give a true indication of the opinion of the majority of those to whose decision the award was submitted.

The Song No. 1, by Mr. Dresel, to which is awarded the first prize, has received about twice as many votes as either of its competitors. The Song No. 4, by Mr. Converse, to which the prize of \$100 is awarded has received nearly three times as many votes as either of the others with exception of No. 1. The song which has received the least number of votes, (one only,) is No. 5, "The Baby," a song which is by no means the least meritorious of the eight.

It is no wonder that this enterprise should have caused much excitement amongst artists, amateurs, and critics; no wonder that many comments have been made upon the merits and demerits of the songs; and last, not least, no wonder that some of our kind friends of the musical press should have pronounced the whole set (of course, always with exception of one or two) decided trash. Now, this last symptom of sympathy from artists and critics is such a common thing with regard to prize-songs and prize compositions in general, that we should have wondered very much if the contrary had occurred. In fact, we do not think that there ever were prize compositions of any kind that were not declared by some bad, and by others indifferent. But has this necessary diversity of opinion prevented the small or great amount of artistic benefit which was derived from them? Certainly not; for when time has removed the excitement and bad blood which the award of prizes

had necessarily created amongst the unfortunate competitors and their friends; when a calmer reflection has produced a more just opinion, at least something good has been discovered where before nothing was found but want of merit, or even that which was positively bad. It has been said that to award prizes for compositions is of no use to art itself. One of the German papers lately had a long article upon this subject, and Mr. Dwight has repeated it. With regard to our prize-songs this is certainly not true; for the "very fine song," the "real work of art," of the eight, which, according to Mr. Dwight, would, if awarded a prize, "do true service to the cause of music as an art," has received the first prize. But even if our subscribers had voted for two others of the songs, for instance, for No. 7 or No. 5, there would have been exhibited on their part no want of appreciation for good music. For both songs are meritorious; No. 7 as much so as any of the whole set. In fact, each of the songs, if viewed in the remembrance that musical culture of a higher order is rather of recent date in this country, may claim some merit for itself.

We could not have expected that every competitor should write in the style of Schubert, Schumann, and Franz. If every song of the eight had shown this character, America would be the most advanced musical country of the age. We have no glorious past of our own in this kind of composition, and it would be folly to presume that we were ripe enough to commence where the Germans arrived only at a very late period of the history of their musical art. But that we have offered some good songs, in spite of the little which has been done here in this field, is already a very good sign, and must be attributed to nothing else but the fact that we offered prizes of two hundred and one hundred dollars for the two best songs. If we had not tendered this encouragement to our artists, the public would have been deprived not only of the benefit of their efforts, but also of the opportunity of showing its own soundness of judgment and knowledge of the matter. That we have afforded this opportunity is a just source of pride and satisfaction to ourselves. When we started the idea of making subscribers judges over the songs, there were many who feared that the votes would not be a very flattering testimonial of the state of musical art in this country. But we had a better trust in the progress that art has made within a few years; we even thought that our own efforts in this journal for the cause of good music would not have been without some influence upon the large number of our readers. The result of the vote shows that we thought right, and we may now say with some propriety that our enterprise has been crowned with a glorious success—a success not only as regards the benefit of musical art, but also as a triumphant justification of our desire to test the musical knowledge of our country in a just and appropriate manner.

In another place the Review says:—"This award of the first prize, however unexpected, will no doubt be highly satisfactory to Dwight's Journal of Music, and give its editor a much better opinion of the *vox populi* than he has hitherto professed," and then adds: "How about the 'real interests of Art, of music in America,' now?"

The result (in the case of the first prize) is certainly as satisfactory to us as it was unexpected and indeed altogether strange. And this it may be without altering our opinion of the *vox populi* as arbiter in such a competition, or weakening the ground we took in regard to prize compositions generally, and these prize songs in particular. We did not think, no one who feels the difference between what is Art and what is not Art, thought, that the best song would win the prize. We are happy that the result is so much better than we dared predict. We enjoy it none the less, that the strangest freak of Fortune's wheel is where it coincides for once with right and reason. The confession of the Review, a few days before the award, that so far the best song had received the fewest votes of any, did not of course tend to remove our scepticism;—or was that a sheer piece of waggery to draw us more completely into the pleasant little trap? Enjoy your joke, good gentlemen! for after all it is a joke, and it is perhaps answer enough to your

question: "How now about the interests of Art?" that we enjoy it with you.

In reconsidering Mr. Dresel's song, we do find in it certain elements of popularity. In the first place a melody, sweet, simple, easily fastening itself in the memory, easily sung, and separable enough from its artistic and quite difficult piano accompaniment to satisfy the untaught love of mere melody, though to an appreciating taste accompaniment and melody make up one vital and inseparable whole. In the next place, the subject, a lullaby, and Tennyson's sweet words, were of a kind always popular. This may account for the large vote in its favor, without implying any *hocus pocus*. Yet that in a land where \$20,000 have been made upon the sale of "Old Folks at home," where publishers grow rich on "Negro melodies," and are ever readier to buy the copyright of some stale, imitative, commonplace, sentimental ditty, which sells only because it is *not* new, but runs in the same old well-worn channels of a humdrum melody, than they are that of a really new and true work of Art;—that in such a land, the majority of the subscribers, in town and country, to a popular journal, should select the artistic, poetic and refined song in preference to others more after the type of those that *sell*, is, to say the least, anomalous. Happy should we be to see such anomalously become the rule; and if the Messrs. MASON BROTHERS, by their prizes and their *Musical Review*, will make it so, they shall have credit among the greatest benefactors to the cause of musical Art in our wide country.

But let us look a little farther. How is it as regards the *second* prize? And here we find what we were about to say anticipated by an exchange paper, which we just took up. "It is a little remarkable," says the Worcester *Palladium*, "that the two best songs should have received, one the largest, and the other the smallest number of votes." We are quite of the opinion of this writer that decidedly the second best song (though we may see it at a greater distance from the first best,) is that poor No. 5, "The Baby," which got only *one* vote! At all events, as the *Review* itself seems well aware, the real question lay between that and the No. 7, only that the two songs are of so different a character that they are not easily compared. One or two others should we place above the successful "Mother's Song," which certainly is commonplace enough, in melody and accompaniment, and has a prelude (recurring as symphony and conclusion) of the most senseless, awkward kind, an empty period of three bars complete in itself, with a full cadence. But we did not intend to enter into any special criticism of the songs; there will be time enough for that when Mr. Richardson shall have published his revised edition of the eight. We shall cheerfully qualify somewhat, in some instances, the judgment we first passed on them collectively. Enough for the present for the vindication of our distrust in the popular vote, that it has signally failed in the other cases, if it did guess right in the first. So the exception only proves the rule; the result of the balloting helps not our unbelief, from which we should be thankful to be quite delivered, because it is most pleasant to believe that what is best is also the most popular.

We said: "If there were any certainty that the one really fine song would win the general

vote, then indeed would a true service be done to Art." This result, as we have seen, proves not that certainty. Yet we gladly recognize some good to Art in the award of the first prize. It draws attention to a good song, and leads to a comparison of it with the others, which cannot fail to be somewhat instructive. The little factitious excitement about these songs will provoke much sharp and careful criticism, such as our native efforts in this line have not often been exposed to. In this the publishers of the *Review* are right. But these benefits are not incidental solely to the popular vote system. A more competent jury would inspire nobler competition, ensure more just awards, and lend the matter all the *éclat* it now has. And still we fall back upon our first general position, based on the world's experience, that prize products of all kinds, especially in music, do somehow, as a *general rule*, bear the stamp of mediocrity. Genius finds not its best inspirations in such competitions. We said, it rarely happens that the best work was written for the prize; and so, we chance to know, it was in the case of this first prize song. It dropped into the competition without much serious purpose of competing; and no one could have been so much surprised at the result as was the author. Again, on the other hand, this very song, although so beautiful and so artistic, and so much above the others, is by no means a *great* song, nor what a composer of such gifts might be expected to regard as more than a happy little chance inspiration. Nor can we see that the published fruits of the competition, with this exception, are much better on the whole than we have been getting through the ordinary channels.

Is Art, then, the gainer by this enterprise? It has given distinction to one good song; it has hung a poor one in almost the same favorable light; it has cast another good one wholly in the shade, comparatively, while collectively it has surrounded good, bad, and indifferent with about the same *éclat*. We have above shown how Art may incidentally derive some gain from it; but is it so sure that the weeds do not thrive equally, or even faster, under the same warm sun?

#### A New Composition by Satter.

Two weeks ago we took occasion to remark, under the heading of "Superlatives," upon the extraordinary disposition in the press of this country to heap the highest eulogistic epithets upon all sorts of musical artists. We quoted specimens from certain extravagant eulogies or "puffs" upon such artists as OLE BULL, GOTTSCHALK and WILLIAM MASON; and pointed out the wrong done by that kind of talk to Art, to the musical public, as well as to these really distinguished artists themselves. All who read the article, or who will take the trouble to refer to it, will find in it not one word or hint against those gentlemen themselves, as artists or as men. For further illustration, we were reminded of certain very frank and piquant "Letters from Boston," written to the New York *Musical World* by GUSTAVE SATTER, the pianist, largely taken up in praise of his own concerts here, and in magnificent professions of the uncompromising pride and dignity of high Art; also of a "Biography" of the said Satter, conceived in very much the same tone, but which we did *not* declare to be an *auto*-biography, or even hint the possibility of such a thing, although it is indeed difficult to

see where most of the *materials* could come from, unless from the modest young man himself. What we did was to contrast these lofty artistic claims with certain familiar clap-trap performances. We hoped that he might profit by the lesson, for that he has talent no one will deny. But in the last number of the *Musical World*, his letter is addressed to us, and is a composition of so strange a character, that we do not wonder it "surprised" and mystified our good friend RICHARD WILLIS, the editor of the said *World*. Perhaps it also furnished him a new phase of his Boston correspondent. We will now copy both Mr. Willis's introduction, and Mr. Satter's incoherent mess of boyish rage and nonsense. First Mr. Willis:

#### A SURPRISE.

We were thoroughly aroused from our editorial repose the other day by the reception of the letter herewith appended. Our excellent friends Dwight and Dresel of Boston appear in some manner (unknown and uncomprehended as yet of ourselves) sensitively to have come into collision with Satter the artist.

Mr. Satter, as our subscribers are aware, has been furnishing for the N. Y. *Musical World* a series of letters from Boston over his own signature. These letters (it must be acknowledged) have been *exceedingly* written by Satter. That is, with a frankness and ingenuousness by us inexperienced before, Satter has written a weekly critique of his own concerts, a very successful series of which has just closed. This was something new; this was something piquant—(to our subscribers, doubtless, as well as to ourselves.)

Touching the biographical sketch of Mr. Satter, to which allusion is made, we received it (as we stated in the brief introduction) accompanied by a letter from the Boston admirers of this artist and a request for publication. It was interesting as furnishing statistics of an up-coming celebrity, and as such we published it.

As to any unworthy inducements for a publication of the same, we feel as confident that Mr. Dwight has insinuated nothing of the kind as that he would never think it of us. We say this anticipatively, our copy of his journal not having yet come to hand, and we being still ignorant of the entire grievance of our irate correspondent.

Mr. Satter (whom we have never yet had the pleasure of seeing, except once across a concert room,) is an artist of decided ability. His enemies even, (if he has any,) will willingly concede this. It is a pity, we think, that an artistic vitality which must inevitably make its own way, should be impeded in its progress by exterior personal animosities, so foreign to the spirit of Art and so injurious to an artistic nature.

But let not Mr. Satter think that Mr. Dwight has any other than a pure motive in what he says and does; all the world believes this of Dwight. And as to Otto Dresel, he is a veritably true artist; though he does (it must be confessed,) sometimes, in his conscientiousness, unnecessarily tread upon the toes of people. But this is coupled with so true and uncompromising a fidelity to high Art, as he understands it, that they afterwards make it a point to forgive him; as (if he has aught against him) Satter must do.

We herewith present the letter, then, without any emendations of Mr. Satter's English, which, for a foreigner, he certainly writes remarkably well. The tone of the communication is an unaccustomed one in our columns, but as the *casus belli* apparently originated in the N. Y. *Musical World*, we cannot deny Mr. Satter a hearing.

This is courteous, kind and reasonable. Our friend does only justice to the motive of our article; and of course we need not assure him that any suspicion of "unworthy inducements" in his insertion of the "Biography" was the thing farthest from our thoughts. What we did suspect was, that he was possibly taking too much upon trust, as all amiable natures will. When we remarked that "Mr. Satter might well pray to be delivered from his friends," we meant of course the friends who flatter his vanity and write such biographies of him to send to unsuspecting editors.

One other point in the above requires remark. Why mix up the name of Mr. DRESEL in the matter? Surely he is in no way concerned in it. We wrote the article, and with no prompting and no aid from any one. From this jumble of Satter's, which seems to have misled Mr. Willis, as well as from like hints which have once or twice appeared in other quarters, there would seem to be a notion in the heads of certain persons—we know not how many or how they came by it—that OTTO DRESEL, the pianist, is part editor or manager of Dwight's Journal of Music. Let it be understood, once for all, that that gentleman has not and never has had any interest or part whatever in the conduct of this paper. That we can count him among our friends, that we owe much to him both as an artist and a wise judge and teacher of his art, we should be ungrateful to deny; and that it is our duty, as our pleasure, as one who would do somewhat to improve the public taste, to learn what we can from him, as from all other greater or lesser lights in the divine art, is what no sane mind will dispute. Surely of all the musicians with whom we have had to do, no one has taken less pains to forestall the good impression of our columns. Now for Mr. Satter:

#### AN OPEN LETTER TO J. S. DWIGHT, EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL OF MUSIC, BOSTON.

If a man whose merits are comparatively nothing, in the line which he pursues, has the meanness to deny laurels to an artist who sacrificed his whole life to one and the same object, and who earned these very laurels, not from the pre or post-paid editorials of any paper, but from public opinion, we must consider such proceedings as the mere result of want of education; for an editor cannot envy an artist, though he may hurt him, and an artist, if he is one, will never care for a single man's opinion, though this man may have a letter-press, a printer, or a compositor. But if this very man is acknowledged the "head puffer" of his friends, and laughed at for this very reason by many intelligent people, and he fights for criticism, and raises a flag of defiance against those upon whose protection he chiefly depends, then, I say, this very man appears in a very different light, and he becomes an odium for Art and Artists. I have nothing at all against J. S. Dwight as a man, but as an editor I declare him incompetent for any musical paper. My friend W. H. Fry has defended himself and his talent; so shall I. But not only me alone; but not only Ole Bull, Gottschalk and William Mason; but not only pianists and violinists; but the whole world of artists. I have the satisfaction to prove plainly and to show that there is one man left in this world who will never bow to the good graces of an editor, as this man knows—that most of those men who raise a paper have only one object in view, money, and that J. S. Dwight complained very bitterly, a short time ago, about the non-payment of his subscribers.

I hereby declare that the biography which my friend Willis kindly published has been inserted without my knowledge, and without any pecuniary, friendly, or otherwise shaped arrangements. If R. S. Willis considers me a man of merit, or if my Boston friends do, all right; if not, all right too. But I earnestly hope that Willis will keep the manuscript of this biography, and show it to any one who is acquainted with my hand writing. If R. S. Willis had taken any pay for it from me, he would probably despise me as much as I would him; and if R. S. Willis has published this article from a feeling of esteem, I thank him sincerely. And at last, this biography has not given me a heartfelt delight for one very heavy reason, viz: that there appears a certain kind of blame against my honored and beloved parents, who have ever wished and acted for my best, although they may have been mistaken in the way to do it. Family struggles should never appear as a matter of publicity, and I earnestly hope that the author of my biography, kindly and nobly as he meant it, may never cherish any bad feelings in and against his own family.

Gottschalk enjoyed a great reputation, long before J. S. Dwight thought of enjoying the editorship of a paper, and William Mason will be a fine and thoroughbred artist, despite all the Dwights in the world. If the *Musical Review* says, that "Gottschalk is the jeweller and Mason the Gothic architect, and that it is a comparison of the art of Cellini to that of Angelo," the *Musical Review* does not say, that these two artists are Cellini and Angelo. Gottschalk and Mason do at all events infinitely better in their way than J. S. Dwight in his, for they are modest, at least in a certain degree. They do not attempt to do anything beyond their sphere, and their success is sure; I wish I could say the same of J. S. Dwight.

If anything may beat J. S. Dwight in his protestations against florid language and flaming show-bills, take his own criticisms of my concert in Boston last year, and you will find a perfect description of the four seasons, of crispiness and new words; or still later, read his inspired exertions for Otto Dresel, a music teacher here in Boston, who must at least be another Beethoven, Bach, Schumann and Robert Franz, (all four together), "neglected in Germany and first appreciated here," if I am "Another Mozart." And if anything may beat the veracity or more plainly said, the truth of J. S. Dwight's writings, take his criticism of my "Six Morceaux de Concert" which he describes as six little pieces, whilst three of them are not yet published at all, and among these three there is not one less than eighteen pages long, and among these three again there are the *Lore-Romances* dedicated to my friend Hector Berlioz, and which I consider my very best composition.

J. S. Dwight says: "What becomes of the honor of those wreaths and flowers at the Musical Convention Concerts, when it is known that it was by variations upon *Yankee Doodle*, *Hail Columbia*, etc., that they were won?" Is J. S. Dwight an American or not? Is he ashamed to listen to the hymns of his country? Does he pretend to be a musical Benedict Arnold? Does J. S. Dwight know, that I got the wreath at the Convention Concerts after the performance of my *Sonata in F sharp major*? And if he does not know it, how can he be bold enough, to utter such a falsehood in public, and insult at the same time those, who admired my composition? Does J. S. Dwight know, that Europe loves its national airs quite as well as America? And finally, does Mr. Dwight know, that Liszt, Dreyshock, Thalberg and Schullhof played more English, Russian, French and Austrian national airs in their concerts, than fugues of Bach or Sonatas of Beethoven?

J. S. Dwight says: "How does the 'unrelenting hostility to humbug' comport with the announcement to play at a lottery Gift Concert in New Hampshire?" These words are the alliest, that ever man spoke, and though I never believed much in Dwight's logic, I did not think that he was quite so flat. If Dwight means, that "humbug" has to do with the concert, let him write to the managers, and tell them to stop the lottery: but that Mr. D. gives me the blame for playing there, is not half as mean as it is ridiculous. I know, that Mr. D. is very amiable towards any one, who subscribes with \$2.00 for his paper, and that he never asks the persons, whether they are from Boston or from the Feejee-islands: why should not I play for my friends, who pay me fifty or a hundred dollars for fifty or a hundred minutes entertainment? I am not so aristocratic and so silly, as to believe, that a farmer's dollar is less worth than even Rothschild's dollar, and the very fact that I played already three times in the same place in N. H. shows, that people like me. What do I care for the rest? How perfectly ridiculous it is, to stick to a certain clique, and to attack innocent little artists, who have quite as capacious a stomach as Mr. D., and even a better one, doomed as they are, to swallow the Schoolstreetpills!

As to ridiculing Ole Bull, Mr. D. ought to be ashamed of himself. Let Mr. D. write twenty columns a year about the incompetency of "such lonely, forlorn, miserable critics" as Gottschalk, Mason and Satter, and these poor individuals will curse their unlucky fate. But let Ole Bull alone, for Heaven's sake! Ole Bull.....J. S. Dwight!! The Great Spirit.....an Indian serenade!! Ole Bull's name will sound through the world and through generations, when every single copy of Dwight's *Journal of Music* shall have perished: and to prevent that, Mr. D. must assume a very different course with artists, like Ole Bull, Gottschalk, Mason and Satter, whose company should be his greatest delight, whose support his greatest pride.

Mr. D. seems rather to be a spy of American musical matters under German pay, than anything else. Instead of rejoicing at the growth, at the grandeur of Art in his country, he cries over it. He says: "To judge from the newspaper musical notices from all parts of the land, which fall under the eye of one in our position (who, Mr. D. or Mr. Dresel?) there is no country on the globe which at the present moment possesses so many transcendent and inimitable artists as our own." (Is Mr. D. sorry for it, or does he prefer an emigration of the Leipzig school of Germany to this independent country, where almost every music-seller and publisher has his own "Journal of Music," and praises his own publications, whilst he drags all the others in the mud?) And in another place: "Such extravagance of eulogy is the common staple of musical criticism in the amiable and independent press of these United States." (These United States, Sir, give you a good living, liberty and moral security; and this amiable and independent press is the very same who tried to get your Journal into circulation. And you, who are one of the press, allow advertisements to be inserted, which ought to make you blush to your very bones.)

And so I think, that Ole Bull, Gottschalk, Mason and I will do best, to thank you for your kind exertions, to ask for no further notices, to declare every single word that you write about us, valueless, and to pursue our own way with the idea, that whatever Dwight and Dresel may say, it will never be more or less than "Fiddle D. D."

GUSTAVE SATTER.

This surely calls for no reply or comment upon our part. We will only for the further amusement and instruction of the reader, append a few piquant extracts from the aforesaid "Boston Correspondence."

Some people told other people that my fantasies on *Huguenots* and *Robert le Diable* were not written by myself. Now, I have had until the present moment two ways to compose—for the publishers, and for use. Those in the first style I consider, myself, "mere trash," but I have the sorry satisfaction to say, that I just as truly made the last pieces as I promise never to write in the former style again.

The first of the series of three concerts under the title, "Philharmonic Soirées," comes off next Thursday, at the splendid and newly decorated rooms of Hallett, Davis & Co., and if you think that a man who feels tickled to death by seeing his subscription list over-filled, may write an impartial criticism of himself and the assisting artists, then, I say, I am very happy to tell you, with profound reverence: "My dear Willis, I am the man."

The receipts of the Beethoven Festival were appropriated to pay the expenses previously contracted in the six orchestral concerts, which did not quite meet the expectation of the founders. We think that more variety and the engagement of great artists would have done more credit to the managing committee. Indeed, if we except Mr. Wm. Mason, there was nobody worth noticing among the solo performers. Orchestral concerts ought not to serve as "encouraging opportunities" for friends and favorites, and if they have an object, it ought to be for composers, whose names are not a sufficient guarantee to give instrumental concerts on their own account.

Mr. Gustave Satter (poor me!) had his usual *encre* after having used the avails of the *Trovatore* and the imperial dresses of *Ernani* in a fantasia; and having commenced with "clap-trap," I persisted in clap-trapping, and "brass-banded" the *Coronation March*. I am so disgusted with playing this kind of music, that I wish all the tune some strings would break, and I would send an apologizing "alter ego" on the stage; but Hallett & Davis's pianos are just as obstinate as can be, and whenever I intend to punish their firmness by a thirty-finger chord, all that people say is: "What a noble instrument!" and that *ere* piano grins at me most sarcastically, as if it wanted to reap all the laurels for itself, and leave for me the more interesting part of acknowledging its merits.

The first of the Philharmonic Soirées met with the most flattering success; there was such enthusiasm manifested for Beethoven and the unswerving writer of this epistle, that henceforth I do not envy the Crescent city for her plantation dances and their interpreters to large audiences.

My second piece, *Fantasia on themes of Lohengrin and Tannhäuser*, met with still more applause, and towards the close I was greeted with such an impetuous demonstration of satisfaction, lasting for about five minutes, that I gave for an encore my transcription of the fourth act of the *Prophet*.

Perhaps some of your readers (particularly those who try to put a man down because they fear him), think that there is a good deal of humbug or of arrogance about my editorials in favor of myself. Be it so. It is better to tell people how you get along in the world, and to knock down base eulogists by the strength of truth, than to rely upon the exertions of a vile mob, who tear a new pair of gloves to pieces every night for an oyster supper and an occasional drink. When I first made my appearance in New York, though it was rather a sparrow, owing to the small number of evenings, I knew nobody, and according to my principles I went to no editor, no critic, to no professional man; for success which is due to a handsome pile of dollar bills or to a certain quantity of bows is no success. I trusted to my own faculties, to my energy, and to my will; and it came out just as I anticipated. Of course a few papers, started by the novelty of such proceedings, threw occasional thorns among the three roses which I plucked in the concert rooms; but the fact that they alone blamed and blamed continually, when the others gave vent to their utmost satisfaction in a body, convinced me that the gardener, who intended to spoil my flowers, did so because his roses lacked not the superiority in colors, but the fragrance of mine. In Boston it amounted to the same thing. I came and conquered. Now the host of music teachers which crowd this city (I except some very honorable men,) burst almost with jealousy, and as they could not possibly attack the artist, they assailed the man. Exactly as in New York. But, although the centrefolies, odious, educational faults, sins and unfavorable reports, which were lavished upon my little frame, are enough to fill two hand-some royal octaves, it came otherwise than they thought, and the very man whose "stay could not possibly exceed a fortnight," has crowds of devoted friends, anxious to prove to him their love and esteem on every possible occasion. You know, my dear Willis, that your correspondence has never had the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, and it is something very queer not to know you; but principles and nothing but principles. Next fall I'll be happy to invite you to my New York concerts, provided you pay for your ticket; that is the only way to tell me what you think of my playing, truly and honestly.

The second Philharmonic Soirée came off on Thursday. If I merely observe, that a crowd of "bellies" completed the desired harmony of the evening, and that the attendance and the enthusiasm were equal to the preceding concert, I have said enough. A *Fantasia* of my composition on themes of *Ernani* gained applause, and a tumultuous encore. Stephen Heller's *Sonata-Fantasia* had a "succès d'estime." I answered to a general demand by playing one of my concert-studies, a kind of dreamy, up-and-down run ning piece, with occasional sighs, sobs and sufferings, fit for tender hearts, etc. After the greater part of the audience had left, a few kind and persevering friends led me again to the piano. I saw with great satisfaction the élite of Boston musicians assembled, and am happy to say, that they applauded just as good-naturedly, as did many of those whom their kind influence had secured to assist at my concerts.

The piano again was a splendid instrument: the rooms looked very elegantly, and the audience, which kept tolerably cool for the first six pieces, raised the thermometer to almost 150 degrees, when the delightful strains of Verdi began to obliterate the classic remembrances of Stephen Heller! As for me, I felt rather warm when I played Stephen Heller, and very much at my ease when I played Satter; there must be

some close spiritual affinity between me and the latter gentleman.

The third and last of my Philharmonic Soirées came off at the Rooms of Messrs. Hallet, Davis & Co., last Wednesday, with the assistance of Miss Eliza Josselyn and Mr. B. J. Lang, pianists, Mr. A. Kreissmann and a chorus of twelve gentlemen, and the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. Before I attempt my description of the concert, I feel bound to thank the Boston public for the unprecedented and unexpected sympathy which they displayed on the occasion, every single seat being occupied, even the entry being filled, and the saloon crammed to suffocation. As to the reception with which I met, I am proud to say that this day was one of the brightest in my life. One of the bouquets which fair hands and sympathizing hearts sent to the retiring-room stands before me in all its freshness, and long after those sweet orange-blossoms will have faded away the remembrance of my friend's kindness will be fresh in my heart. Among the audience I discovered almost every one who professes to call himself a real musician and critic, excepting only some few, who never go to my concerts, deeming themselves so much superior to Satter, and calling his scales "illegitimate." I did actually not miss one of this city's eminent talents. The whole concert was more of a festival than anything else, and those who were so anxious to make me feel all the bitterness of Art's quassa cup saw their last hopes drowned in the furore which prevailed from A to Z through the evening, from 7 to half past 12. I came to the happy conclusion that conciliatory movements are only needed, when both parties were wrong, and that a man needs only to act, and his success and reputation will be complete, despite all hostile efforts. The programme, undoubtedly the chastest and choicest one which I ever presented to my audiences, consisted of Beethoven's two Overtures to *Coriolanus* and *Egmont*, Mendelssohn's Quartet in B minor, Haydn's last two movements of the quartet in D major, Mozart's Quartet with Clarinet in A major, Rossini's Overture to "William Tell," Beethoven's and David's duo on themes from *Oberon*, Songs for male chorus of Silcher, Haertel, Marschner and Maurer, a Transcription of the *Ronde Bohémienne* and Barcarole of the *North Star* by your humble servant, and a medley of American airs, (Musical rockets, as J. S. Dwight says.) Strange to say, Mendelssohn's Quartet took the prize, and so evidently, that at the beginning of the last two pages of the Finale, a thunder of applause followed the remaining wild strains, such as shook even me, with all my generally reliable strength and composure. At the end of the "William Tell" Overture, a second edition was issued, and the American airs which I gave as an encore, and at the urgent solicitation of half the audience, secured the final demonstrations of my friends. Though I dislike nothing so much as to play "Wait for the Wagon,"—(wait for applause,) "Old Folks at home,"—(court the mother and love the daughter,) "Hail Columbia,"—(I am a foreigner, but I beg you to believe my sincere gratitude for your republican applause and dollars,) and last of all, "Yankee Doodle,"—(I hope there is no Englishman among the audience); nevertheless I found myself bound to comply with the general request, and with the immortal harmonies of "Pop goes the weazie," young and old left perfectly delighted! Beauty before age; Miss Josselyn before Germany. Miss Josselyn is a young lady of a very prepossessing appearance, of very great talent, of great energy, and one of my cherished pupils. Pupil? no! friends. That is the very reason that I want to speak plainly to her, and to deny her, what the vulgar crowd is ever anxious to bestow, poisoning flatteries. Miss Josselyn has two paths before her, the one which leads to "Slang-bang" the Capital of Central Stupidity, the other which leads to "Fame" the metropolis of After World. The first path is covered with silver, gold and diamonds, the second with copper, lead and iron; the first path is crowded with miners, emigrants and swindlers, the second is lonely and solitary. Miss Josselyn has so much execution that mechanical difficulties are no longer a doubtful feature in her performances; she lacks but one thing: Poësy. Let her feel from her own heart, let her create instead of imitating, let her mind diverge from the fashionable nightmares and attend Music's divine service, let her forget her listeners and inspire herself, whenever and before she plays: if so, she will be able to become a great artist, considering her youth, her unrelenting perseverance, and her rare gifts. The moment has come for her to decide, and may it prove in her favor.

The Prize Songs of the *Musical Review* are the most abominable trash in this line on record, with the exception of the first, which has at least something like merit in its two pages; though it is flat. Who is to blame? The composers or the public? Who may be laughed at? The judges or the very idea of calling such cheese-envelopes "prize-songs?"—Gustave Satter, the pianist writes musical letters for Willis's *Musical World* over the signature of Gustave Satter, the critic.

## CONCERTS.

OTTO DRESEL'S fourth and last Soirée was remarkably well attended, and in many respects the most interesting of the series. This was the programme:

### PART I.

- 1.—Concerto for Three Pianos, C major, with Quartet accompaniment, (first time,).....J. S. Bach.  
Allegro—Adagio—Finale.
- 2.—Ave Maria,.....Cherubini.  
Sung by Miss Elise Hensler.
- 3.—Andante from the Symphony by.....Schubert.  
(Arranged for the Piano by Otto Dresel.)
- 4.—First Trio, D minor, for Piano, Violin and Violoncello,  
Mendelssohn.  
Allegro molto agitato—Andante tranquillo—Scherzo—Finale.

### PART II.

- 5.—Sonata for Piano, Op. 31, E flat,.....Beethoven.  
Allegro—Scherzo—Tempo di Minuetto—Finale.
- 6.—Adagio from the Second Concerto, with Quintet accompaniment, (first time,).....Chopin.
- 7.—Romance from "William Tell,".....Rossini.  
Sung by Miss Elise Hensler.
- 8.—Andante and Polonaise, Op. 22, for Piano, with Quintet accompaniment, (first time,).....Chopin.

The triple Concerto by Bach proved even more interesting than that other, which was played here in

Mr. Dresel's soirées two or three years ago, and more recently in the Mendelssohn Quintette Club concerts. Especially beautiful and striking, full of a deep feeling, was the Adagio. The whole was played with admirable unity, precision and expression by Mr. DRESEL, Mr. TRENKLE, and a lady amateur, at the three pianos, with Quartet of strings by the Quintette Club. Miss ELISE HENSLE was most warmly greeted, but seemed somehow more embarrassed before the room full of friends than in the larger theatre, nor did she quite recover herself during the *Ave Maria*. Yet there was no mistaking the rare beauty of the voice, nor the habitual style and feeling of the artistic singer. In the Romance from "Tell" she was all herself, and never were we so charmed by her singing or by that lovely melody itself, as in her singing of it. Vain were the efforts to recall her; once they seemed to have succeeded, but the audience had to laugh at their own disappointment, as she prettily seated herself at the piano to turn the leaves for Mr. Dresel in his last piece. Schubert's lovely Andante goes to the very heart, the more one hears it; and Mr. Dresel gives the spirit and the outline of it in a very satisfactory manner. It was pleasant to hear again the D minor Trio of Mendelssohn; it made a deep impression, although we think we have heard it once or twice, and by the same artists, brought out with more perfect ease and self-possession.

That Piano Sonata (the third of Op. 31,) is one of the most original, imaginative, and quaint (at least in the first movement) of all Beethoven's works. The interpreter seized the spirit of it perfectly, and made it very clear. We knew not when we have heard a Beethoven Sonata played so finely. The Chopin Adagio he has often played before in part, without accompaniment. To hear it entire and with accompaniment was a rare treat. The recitative passages, with tremolo of strings, after the exquisite *cantabile*, were exceedingly impressive. The Polonaise is also a remarkable and characteristic work, but was less clearly apprehended by most hearers, we opine.

FIFTH AFTERNOON CONCERT. Haydn's 7th Symphony is perhaps the best and largest of the set. The first and last movements come nearer than any to the grand and complex works of later symphonists. The Adagio has a great deal of simple and methodical beauty, but fatigues somewhat by its length, especially when taken so slow as it was. But as a whole it was finely played and much enjoyed. How much richer, stronger, and more full of imagination was the *Zauberflöte* overture, which came out grandly! The marvellous Andante to Beethoven's 7th Symphony, without the rest, had a cruel, tantalizing charm. Lumbye's "Farewell to Berlin" waltz, a richly instrumented "Gipsy Galop," by Koppitz, and the "Wedding March," superbly played, made out the entertainment. Only one more concert remains, of which the excellent programme will be found below.

[Crowded out last week.]

CONCERTS.—We were unable, to our great regret, to attend the Concert in aid of the GERMAN BENEVOLENT SOCIETY. The Music Hall, we hear, was very full, and the net proceeds added to the funds of the society were between \$600 and \$700. We were particularly sorry to lose the singing of the German Männerchor, the "Orpheus," under the direction of Herr KREISSMANN, which all say was a model of fine part-singing. The overtures to the *Freyshütz*, *Zauberflöte* and *Tannhäuser*, and the Andante to the Fifth Symphony, were of course well played by Mr. ZERRAHN's orchestra.

The last Wednesday AFTERNOON CONCERT drew another hall full. Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony pleased by its cheerfulness and grace and clearness; but it sounded like child's play in comparison with Beethoven, or even with the best of Mozart, which have so much more in them, besides mere elegance of style. The overtures to "Midsummer Night's Dream" and to *Semiramide* were well played. But the gem of the concert was the little Allegretto from Beethoven's Eighth Symphony—short as it was sweet. Wittman's "Magic Sounds" is a fine, rich, swelling

sort of waltz, strong enough to float off a whole Music Hall floor full of waltzers. The horn solo by M. TROST was a remarkably smooth and clean performance.

## Musical Chat-Chat.

BOUND VOLUMES of the past year of the *Journal of Music* are now ready. . . . We offer twenty-five cents each for perfect copies of No. 4, Vol. V., or No. 15, Vol. VI.

Do not forget the concert of our old friend KEYZER to-night; the memory of past services, respect for character, and a programme at once classical and novel, should attract a numerous audience.

The GERMAN TRIO, before leaving for their engagements in the English Provinces, intend giving a Farewell Concert here about the end of next week. We hope it will be well attended by their friends.—There will be a select programme, including a new trio of RUBINSTEIN. Full particulars will soon be announced.

Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS is delighting Salem and other large New England towns with concerts.

The Paris papers are warm in praise of BISCACCIANTI's performances at the Italian Opera. It is said that MARIO offered to sing with her her first night, but that owing to professional jealousy in some quarter, she saw fit to decline the aid.

The New York Academy of Music was re-opened last week, for a new season (four weeks) of Italian Opera, under the auspices of MAX MARETZEK as "sole director." BOLCIONI and COLETTI have been added to the troupe. *Ernani* was the first piece, with Mme. LAGRANGE, MORELLI, BOLCIONI and COLETTI in the chief rôles. The list of pieces promised is somewhat richer and more tempting than heretofore. It includes Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, Weber's *Freyshütz*, (in Italian, we suppose,) and "William Tell," besides a sufficiency of Verdi, (*Trovatore*, *Luisa Miller*, &c.) The German operas came on the "off nights." "Tell" was given last night; to-night the piece will be Flotow's "Martha." . . . Messrs. MASON and BERGMANN are following up their Classical Matinées with some equally successful Soirées. . . . Mr. BERGMANN's Sunday Evening Orchestral Concerts grow more and more in public favor. The programmes remind one of the good old "Germania" days. . . . GOTTSCHALK gave his fourteenth piano soirée on Thursday evening.

The *Gazzetta Musicale* of Florence, under date of 11th October, 1855, contains a Life of LUIGI PICCHIANTI, Professor of Harmony and Counterpoint in the Academy of Fine Arts of Florence. After a brief biography and list of works of this eminent composer, the author gives a list of his most distinguished scholars, "as a proof," he says, "of his skill in teaching the art he professes." Among these we are happy to find that of our townsman, FRANCIS BOOT, Esq., mentioned as an honorary member of the Academy. "Few masters," observes the author, "can boast of so brilliant a crown of scholars and disciples, and it is for this reason that we take pleasure in recording their names." There is an amusing apology in a subsequent paragraph, for some errata of the press, in which the editor "asks pardon for having unjustly *Russianized* Mr. Boot by printing his name *Rooff* instead of *Boot*."

A new German Opera House is to be erected in New York, at the corner of Crosby and Prince streets. It is contemplated to erect a Musical Hall, somewhat similar to the opera houses of Milan, Paris and Lon-

don. The stage and parquette are to be portable, and the boxes (of which there will be four tiers,) will entirely surround the stage. The interior will be so arranged that it can be used for balls, concerts, public meetings, and a theatre. The whole cost will be in the neighborhood of \$200,000, more than half of which sum is already raised.

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All of whom have kindly volunteered.

#### PROGRAMME.

- PART I.**  
Quartet,.....Haydn.  
Allegro-Adagio-Scherzo-Finale.  
Messrs. Keyzer, Schultze, Eckhardt and Fries.  
Grand Quintet, for Piano-forte solo, 1st and 2d violin,  
tenor and violoncello, (first time in Boston,).....Spohr.  
Messrs. Gustav Satter, &c.  
**PART II.**  
Duo Concertante for Piano and Violin,.....Mozart and Lafont.  
Messrs. Satter and Keyzer, (by request.)  
Aria: "Qui la voce," from *I Puritani*,.....Bellini.  
Sung by a Boston Lady.  
Double Quartet,.....Spohr.  
Larghetto-Scherzo-Finale.  
1st Quartet-Messrs. Keyzer, Schultze, Eckhardt and Fries.  
2d Quartet-Messrs. Suck, Meisel, Eichler and A. Suck.  
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#### PROGRAMME OF THE SIXTH AFTERNOON CONCERT, AT THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL, Wednesday, April 30th, 1856.

- 1-Symphony No. 5,.....Beethoven.
- 2-Overture: "Oberon,".....Weber.
- 3-Waltz: Die Elfen,.....Labitzky.
- 4-Andante, 9th Symphony,.....Haydn.
- 5-Galop: Une Fleur de Danse,.....Gung'l.
- 6-Overture: "Zanetta,".....Auber.

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